

Overheating by HobbitSpaceCase

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Summary:

"Come on, pretty boy," Billy said, smirking and licking his bottom lip. "Don't you want to fuck me in your ex girlfriend's old house?"

"No!" Billy knew Steve's lying face. Steve totally wanted to fuck Billy in his ex's house.

Overheating

Author's Note:

This was written in a few hours and is totally unbetaed. I was having trouble with a separate prompt fic, and figured the best way to solve it was write shamelessly terrible prompt fic for another fandom. When the cards came up with smut, it also seemed like a perfect time to add some bottom!Billy to this fandom.

I got the Ace of spades, for smut involving a zippo (and I tried, but it's not really a central theme at all) (could have also been an optional bonus prompt, but I was halfway through writing already when I noticed that so, *shrug*), the Jack of diamonds, which meant Karen Wheeler the third wheel, and a Nine of spades which meant the Wheeler house as a setting.

Billy flipped his zippo closed and took a long drag on the cigarette between his lips. The Wheeler house loomed in front of him in all its clean-cut suburban glory, and he shivered, wanting to draw out the moment before he had to go in as much as possible. As much of an ego boost as Mrs. Wheeler's attentions were, Billy kind of hated having to pick up Max from her place. Last week, she slapped his ass and *winked* at him. Eventually, she was going to invite him over when Max wasn't around, and then "getting Max home on time" wouldn't be a valid excuse to rush out the door as soon as possible.

Little white flakes drifted into his view, lit up by the garage lights against the small town winter darkness, and he shivered again. There was already a fuckton of snow on the ground, and now it was snowing again. Brilliant. He missed Cali. None of this snow bullshit ever happened in San Diego.

The Camaro was growing colder by the second now that the engine was off, so Billy shoved down his irritation and stepped out, nearly ending up on his ass as soon as his boots hit the Wheeler's icy

driveway. Only quick reflexes saved him from eating pavement, but he did lose his cigarette. Fucking winter.

The approaching rumble of another engine much quieter than his baby distracted him from his brush with humiliation, and he smirked as Steve Harrington's BMW inched up the driveway next to Billy's car. The two had gotten on much better after their brawl at the Byers creepy house. Billy figured Steve stealing his car made them even enough, and Steve figured Billy apologizing to Lucas was good enough for him.

He hadn't anticipated *how* close they would get, but he wasn't complaining either. If the universe was gonna see fit to make the only other queer in the little town of Hawkins, Indiana, Steve Harrington, Billy was just gonna thank his lucky stars and make sure that even if things between them never turned into some rosy fairy tale happily ever after, at least Steve would be absolutely ruined for anyone but Billy sucking his dick.

Steve stepped out much more gracefully than Billy, probably used to living in a shithole town that cranked the shittiness up to Yeti level every winter. "Hey Billy," he called, smiling over the roof of his car. "You here to pick up Max?"

Billy grunted around a new cigarette, pulling his zippo out of his pocket and lighting up again. The smoke filled his lungs with heat, and when he breathed out he could almost pretend it wasn't so fucking cold outside that every breath was visible. Steve wound his way around his fancy fuckin' BMW, still smiling like a goofy dork.

"I love snow," he said, looking around at the thickening flakes of ugly white bullshit in the air.

"I always knew you were crazy, but this is crossing a whole new line," Billy shot back, crossing his arms over his chest. Steve had the gall to laugh at him.

"Maybe if you had real winter clothes you wouldn't hate it so much," he said, glancing down at Billy's leather jacket and the shirt he had finally given in and started buttoning when the sky started dumping bullshit snow all over. Fucker's eyes were fucking sparkling.

Billy stomped his boots and shook out his shoulders, dislodging the approximately five million snowflakes that had already covered him in the five seconds since stepping out of his car. "Sure, and then I could be an ugly marshmallow just like you and the brat pack." The words were devoid of any real heat, probably because it was about negative a million degrees outside, and all of Billy's heat was contained in the cigarette rapidly burning to ash in his fingers.

"Let's go in, asshole," Steve said, still smiling.

Mrs. Wheeler met them at the door, throwing a sultry smile Billy's way even as she ushered them both inside with fluttering hands. Steve choked on laughter as soon as her back was turned.

"It's such a shame you boys had already left when I tried calling your homes!" she said, walking into the kitchen with an exaggerated sway to her hips. Billy and Steve shared confused looks. "The news is calling for a blizzard out!"

"Isn't it already a blizzard out?" Billy asked flatly.

Steve lost the battle with his laughter and ugly snorting noises broke from his mouth. Mrs. Wheeler just smiled at him and fluttered her eyelashes. "Oh Billy, darling, that's hardly anything out there yet!" He glanced out the kitchen window. Didn't look like "hardly anything." Looked like it was about three seconds from springing little toy-making elves out of the ground to sing Christmas carols.

"We'll just grab Max and Dustin and head out quickly, then," Steve said, regaining control of himself just barely. Billy could still hear laughter in his voice, but it seemed to fly right over Mrs. Wheeler's head.

"Oh no!" she exclaimed. "You can't possibly go out in that! The blizzard is already hitting the north side of town - Ted holed up in a hotel close to his work, and I've already called all the kids parents to let them know it's alright if they sleep over. I'm afraid you boys will have to sleep over too."

The look in her eyes at that statement reminded Billy of a predator, intense and focused entirely on Billy. His smile became a lot more

strained, and he backed up a step. "Are you sure?" he asked, voice losing the deeper register that always made her swoon. "I really wouldn't want to put you out."

"Of course, dear!" she said, taking a step forward to match him. "Don't be silly, you won't be putting me out! I'm happy to have you." There were definitely way too many teeth in her smile for Billy's comfort.

He tried one more, desperate tactic. "And my dad was okay with this?"

Mrs. Wheeler fluttered her lashes again and laughed a deep, throaty laugh. "Oh yes, I explained how bad the weather was, and he understood eventually. You silly California boys practically need keepers in this weather."

"Great!" The high, slightly manic voice broke the staring contest. Steve Harrington, my fucking savior, Billy thought, as Mrs. Wheeler finally remembered she and Billy weren't alone. "So," Steve continued, still in the same too-chipper voice, "should we light candles? We always light candles at my place when there's a storm, in case the power goes out!"

"Of course, candles," Mrs. Wheeler purred. "What a good idea, dear. Why don't you go grab some from the upstairs bathroom cabinet? You remember where that is, right dear?"

"Yeah," Steve said, and then saved Billy's life again. "I'll show Billy where they are! Come on!" He grabbed Billy's hand and had them halfway up the stairs before Mrs. Wheeler could form a protest, her disappointed gaze following them the whole way.

Upstairs, Steve almost collapsed under the weight of his laughter at Billy.

Billy tapped one booted foot against the tile floor, waiting for his asshole of a not-boyfriend to finish laughing. His patience ran out before Steve's mirth.

"Yeah yeah," he muttered, nudging Steve's leg with his boot. "Shut

the fuck up already, will ya? It's not that fucking funny."

"Yes, it is," Steve said through his laughter. "It really, really is."

"Fuck you," Billy said.

Steve smirked from under the floppy hair that had fallen into his face. "Pretty sure you like it more when I fuck you," he said, and a bolt of heat shot through Billy's stomach. His tongue darted out to wet his lips, and his thoughts jumped at least five tracks in the space of a moment.

"We are going to be snowed in all night," he said, voice dropping back down to his flirting register as he crowded Steve up against the wall by the shower.

Steve's eyebrows climbed up his forehead. "I didn't mean right now," he said.

"Yeah, but I do."

With an eyeroll and an impressive display of flexibility, Steve ducked under Billy's arms. "Uh huh, sure," he said. "Or we could do what we came up here to do and get some candles."

"And when we've gotten rid of Mrs. Wheeler, you can make me come for a different reason," Billy said, hooking his chin over Steve's shoulder to speak right by his ear. Steve responded by shoving candles in his arms.

Mrs. Wheeler perked up and leapt off the sofa when they returned with armfuls of candles. She stuck way too close to Billy as they went around the house setting the candles up and lighting them with Billy's zippo, and he felt her pinch his ass no less than three separate times.

The last few candles were set up in the little brother's room, the one whose name Billy always forgot. "You can sleep here tonight, Steve," Mrs. Wheeler was saying with a smile as Billy flicked his zippo closed for the last time and stuffed it back in his jacket pocket. "Mike is staying in the basement with his friends."

She was turned to Billy, leaning on Mark's doorframe like she was some kinda trashy romance heroine and it was the only thing holding her up, and Billy prayed for something to stop the invitation he could see in her eyes.

"Thanks, Mrs. Wheeler!" Steve said, still riding the edge of manic. "Billy was actually going to help me with my English homework tonight, he knows I've been struggling in the class, so we really appreciate your kindness and we'll see you tomorrow!" He slammed the door right in her face, and Billy forgave him for the earlier laughter.

"Oh!" Mrs. Wheeler said from outside the door, the disappointment thick and obvious in her voice. "Well, if you boys decide you want any more cookies before bed, you're welcome to come find me! I'm just right down the hall!"

Billy waited until the sound of her retreating footsteps faded away, and then he shoved Steve against the wall and did his best to stick his tongue down Steve's throat, filling his senses with Steve and trying to forget about the wannabe MILF a few doors down.

For a minute, Steve melted against him, kissing back with equal fervor. And then he was drawing away, and Billy missed the warmth of his body immediately.

"Come on, pretty boy," he said, smirking and licking his bottom lip. "Don't you want to fuck me in your ex-girlfriend's old house?"

"No!" Billy knew Steve's lying face. Steve totally wanted to fuck Billy in his ex's house. He squirmed under the heat of Billy's knowing look.

"It's not like we have lube," he tried. "Or condoms."

Billy smirked. "Please, I'm always prepared."

If Steve's eyebrows climbed any higher, they were going to fall right off his face. "Did you just pull lube and condoms out of your pocket?"

"Yeah. Any more excuses you wanna try before you fuck me?"

Steve shrugged. "Guess not," he said, and then he was back on Billy,

kissing him with new intent. Billy bit Steve's lip to stop the moans that wanted to snake out of his throat when Steve pushed him backwards to the floor. He landed with Steve full on top of him, spreading his legs to let Steve settle between them, and nuzzled into Steve's neck.

"No bed?"

"That bed belongs to a *kid*, Billy, Jesus," Steve said from above him, voice choking off into a moan. Billy licked a wet stripe up Steve's neck, thrilling in the full-body shudder it produced.

"Fair enough."

There was an awkward scramble for the next two minutes, as both boys attempted to peel out of their clothing while maintaining as much contact as possible. Billy's zippo clattered across the floor when Steve yanked his shirt and jacket off in one move, and Billy nearly tore Steve's thick, fluffy sweater in his effort to remove it and get his hands on the warm skin underneath the stupid fabric. Finally they were naked, and Billy's head thunked back against the floor as one of Steve's dexterous, lube-slick fingers pushed inside him.

"Fuck, babe," Steve whispered, always so fuckin' cheesy and reverent with the pet names as soon as he got inside Billy. "You feel so good." He twisted his finger up against that perfect spot, and Billy's snarky retort got lost in the wave of pleasure that curled his toes and arched his spine.

"So beautiful, can't believe how beautiful you are," Steve whispered wetly against Billy's neck, adding another finger.

"You gonna fuck me, Harrington, or just sweet talk me to death," Billy managed to breathe out.

"Gonna fuck you, gonna fuck you so good, sweetheart."

Billy would never admit how much the talking turned him on, but he did spread his legs wider, shift his hips to push back against Steve's fingers, silently demanding more (not begging, Billy didn't beg). Steve acquiesced after a few maddening minutes full of twisting

fingers and mumbled babe's and sweetheart's and honey's, adding a third finger in beside the other two. He got his lips around one of Billy's nipples at the same time, and Billy bit his lips to stop from screaming. He wound his own hands in Steve's precious hair, tugging sexy moans from Steve's lips.

"Fuck me," he said, fighting against the break in his voice, "Jesus, Harrington, fuck me."

"Yeah," Steve breathed, head coming up to pin Billy down with wide brown eyes. "Yeah." His fingers slipped out of Billy, and he wriggled his way up till he was bracketing Billy's face with his elbows. He kissed Billy, sweet and wet, before trailing one hand down Billy's body, brushing over Billy's hard dick and sending lightening bolts of desire up Billy's spine, and then finally, finally, he guided his dick into Billy. The stretch burned in the best of ways, going on and on and stretching him wider than three fingers ever could, because King Steve really was *King Steve*. Billy loved it.

Billy maybe loved Steve too.

He wrapped his legs around Steve's waist, urging him all the way in, and then Steve kissed him again and started thrusting, giving no time for Billy to adjust. It burned, a little, and Billy loved it. He loved the heat of it, the way it felt like the burn of California sunshine, like wildfire flames licking him clean from the inside out. His fingers tightened in Steve's hair, holding Steve close as he kissed him and licked into his mouth.

Steve tore away from Billy's mouth, breathing heavily, and Billy whimpered as that hot wet mouth trailed down his jaw and his neck, mouthing at his pulse point just the right side of too hard. Steve knew he wasn't allowed to leave marks, no matter how much Billy ached for him to sink his teeth in and be rough. "Fuck, you're beautiful," Steve whispered against his skin. He gasped when Billy raked a hand down his back, nails digging into Steve's perfect skin.

His pace grew faster, harder, and Billy urged him on with his hands and his legs and his mouth. It felt so fucking good, and when Steve wrapped one callused hand around his dick, that was all it took.

He dragged Steve's head back up with the hand in his hair and let Steve swallow his moans as he came hot in Steve's hand. Steve's hips stuttered, and then grew frantic, slamming into Billy's oversensitive body one, two, three more times before he was coming too, and Billy was almost disappointed he'd brought condoms, wouldn't have Steve leaking out of him later, reminding him how perfectly wrecked and content he felt in that moment.

Steve's head dropped down onto his shoulder, and he huffed a laugh into Billy's collarbone. "Fuck," he said, breathless, "I can't believe we just had sex in Nancy's house, in *her little brother's room*. Fuck."

Billy turned his head, tongue poking out between his teeth as he grinned. "It was really fucking great fucking, though," he said, and Steve laughed again.

"Yeah," he said, turning enough to peek at Billy with smiling eyes through his sweaty hair. "Yeah, it was."